

## The Light of Jesus

brothers, he said,  
I'm going to show  
you something  
you're not going  
to  
believe --

and he pulled this  
thing  
out.

it ruined my life.  
sin after  
sin. wrecked  
homes. drinking.  
carousing.

I was coming to a  
no good  
end. I was at the  
mercy of the  
devil.

then one morning  
sick and  
debauched  
the Light of  
Jesus, o yes! the  
Light of Jesus  
fell upon me and I  
was  
saved!

all right, said somebody in the  
back, quit  
bragging: put that thing  
away.

we sang, then had beans and  
crackers.

## Fleas In My Brain

the little hired creatures who  
ram their fists through  
tabletops  
now sit upon my head;  
they laugh:  
"we got a tired one.  
he shows no fight.  
beat him! beat him!"  
and they begin.  
it's old times again.  
I remembered the time I asked  
George to tie my hands behind me,  
tie my feet  
and push me off the bridge.  
it didn't work.  
I made it to the shore.

now they beat me,  
these little freaks.  
it's all a trick --  
some day I'll get angry,  
when it's too  
late.

## The 1930's ...

places to hunt  
places to hide are  
getting harder to find, and  
canaries and goldfish too, you notice  
that?  
places to hide and places to  
hunt, and the dyed redheads  
too.

"yeah, she's a redhead but what color's her  
cunt?" we used to ask  
standing in front of the  
butcher shop.  
and I remember when poolhalls were poolhalls  
not just tables inside  
bars.  
and I remember when women  
used to cook huge pots of beefstew for a  
man when it  
rained and his belly was sick with  
drink.  
and I remember when the kids used to watch it rain  
for hours and  
would fight to the death over a pet  
rat. and  
I remember when the boxers were Jewish and Irish  
and never gave you a  
bad one, and the two-wingers flew so low you  
could see the pilot's face and  
goggles, and each icecream bar had one free stick in  
ten, and for 4 cents you could buy enough candy  
to make you sick  
or last a whole  
afternoon. and the people in the neighborhood raised  
chickens in their backyards, and we'd stick a 5 cent  
toy auto full of  
candlewax and they'd last us  
forever, and we built our own kites and scooters  
and cars,  
and when our parents fought  
you could hear them for blocks  
and they fought for hours, screaming blood-death cries  
and the cops never  
came.

places to hunt and places to hide,  
they're not any longer around  
anymore.  
each 4th space was a vacant lot and the landlord  
only got your rent  
when you had  
it, and each day was clear and good and each moment  
wild.

#### A Northern Acquaintance

there is one writer --  
among others --  
I never cared much  
for, but we wrote  
letters a while.  
he lived in Canada  
and made his own  
wine.